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George Forde's song book

London

[18--]

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PATTIE'S EDITION.

George Forde's SONG BOOK,

CONTAINING

All the Popular, Comic, and Sentimental Songs.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Annie Laurie
BOYS HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE BATTLE
Bonnie Dundee
Ben Bolt

Charlie
DUBLIN BAY
Down in the Valley

EVER OF THEE
Home Sweet Home
Here's a Health
HURRAH FOR THE WORKERS BOLD
JOHN BROWN
Johnny Sands
Katty Avourneen
LIVE AND LET LIVE—New version
Long Parted have We Been
Mother be proud of your Boy in Blue
Mary of Argyle
Minnie
Minnie Moore
MY OLD DONKEY

Nelly Bly
OLD DOG TRAY
Over the Sea
Oh had I but Aladdin's Lamp
OTHELLO—New Comic Version
Oh Let Me like a Soldier Fall
Recall Them Not

Red White and Blue
The Low-Back'd Car
The Darling Ould Stick
The King and the Miller of the Dee
THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART
'Twas on a Sunday Morning
The Queen and the Navy for Ever
THE GIRL OF MY HEART
The Old Soldier's Daughter
The Cottage and Watermill
The Sweet Little Creature
THE NEW CRINOLINE—New comic Song
The Standard Bearer
The Happy Days of Yore
THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN
THE WORLD IS GROWING OLDER
To the West
The Old Folks at Home
The Good Rhine Wine
Tis Hard to Give the Hand
THE THEATRICAL ALPHABET
Tapping at the Window
Up with the Standard of England
Winning Eyes
Wait till I put on My Bonnet
Welcome Home our Gallant Soldiers
William Tell
Wait for the Wagon
YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH

WELCOME HOME OUR GALLANT SOLDIERS.

Tune—Brighton Camp.

Cheer up, cheer up, Britannia's sons.
And view the stands before ye,
The men who into danger run,
And fought for fame and glory;
The lads who did the Russians beat,
With the sons of France when mingling
The men who made the foe retreat,
Are now returned to England.
They have sailed across the briny sea,
No lads was ever bolder,
Welcome home with three times three,
Our brave and gallant soldiers.

Your pretty girls with veils and curls,
So handsome, gay, and dandy,
The glorious British flag unfurl,
And toast in wine and brandy,
The lads who did the victory gain,
No men could fight more bolder,
Long may they banish grief and pain,
Britannia's gallant soldiers.

The soldier's wife is bathed in tears,
His children run to greet him,
Father and husband they did fear,
They never more should meet him;
They thought he in the battle fell,
Among the Russian strangers,
But Providence has guarded, and
Protected them from danger.

With their dear wives and children,
They now shall live in clover,
So happy in Old England, since
The Russian war is over;
And if again a war ensues,
Without the least complaining,
They'll hoist the sweet red, white and blue
And boldly go campaigning.

Fifty thousand of their comrades they
Courageous, true, and kind then,
Who in the war fell day by day,
They have left far behind them;
They fell and bled, and died for want,
Oh what a painful story,
They fought like lions in the field,
And died for fame and glory.

The sons of France proud did advance,
With foreigners were mingling,
And bolder went to face the foe,
With the gallant lads of England;
They made the land of Russia groan,
So gently they did calm her,
Gained Inkermann, Sebastopol,
Balaklava, and the Alma.

Here's General Williams nine times nine,
No hero can be bolder,
God bless the sweet Miss Nightingale,
Who nursed Britannia's soldiers;
Welcome kindly three times three,
The lads who stand before ye,
The men who gained the victory,
And fought for fame and glory.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Mid pleasure and places though we may roam,
Be it e'ver so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seem to hallow us here,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call:—
Give me sweet peace of mind that's dearer than all!

Home! home, &c.

WILLIAM TELL,

When William Tell was doom'd to die
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head—
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march,d with grief and dread!
The warrior came serene and mild,
Gazed all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy unconcious smiled,
Then nature and the father spoke.
And now each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell, once hero of the Lakes.

But soon is heard the muffled drum,
And straight the pointed arrow flies;
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—'he dies! he dies!'
When lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
The mark is hit! the child is free!
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspired by love and liberty.
And now each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
Whilst they sing,
Live William Tell, the hero of the Lakes.

'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

Tho' I mingle in the throng,
Of the happy and the gay.
From the mirth of dance and song,
I would fain be far away;
For I love to use no wile,
And I can but deem it sin,
That the brow should wear a smile
When the soul is sad within.
Tho' a parent's stern command
Claims obedience from then,
O 'tis hard to give the hand,
Where the heart can never be.
'Tis hard to give, &c.

I have sigh'd and suffer'd long,
Yet have never told my grief,
In the hope that for my wrong,
Time itself would find relief;
I will own no rebel thought,
But I will not wear the chain,
That for me must still be fraught
With but misery and pain.
In all else I will be bland,
But in this I must be free.
And I will not give the hand
Where the heart can never be.
And I will never, &c.

WHITE
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GEOS

BOYS HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE BATTLE?

O boys have you heard of the battle?
The Allies have had on the shore,
The Joy Bells and cannons did rattle,
Annonncing it over and o'er.
The total defeat of the Russians
Was echoed with joy everywere,
Success to John Bull and Napoleon,
For Peace is proclaimed so I hear.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the army and navy,
In Russia they were on the advance,
Supporting the standard of freedom,
Success to old England and France.

Fifty-eight thousand men had landed,
Determined was every man,
To beat the wild Russians at Alma.
Lord Raglan led on the van.
They crossed over rivers and mountains,
With glittering bayonet and gun,
And Menschikoff's great Russian army
Were quickly compelled for to run.

On the twentieth day of September,
This desperate battle was fought,
The Russians will ever remember,
Though dearly my boys it was bought.
With the blood of our courageous allies,
Who fell on that fortified plain,
They brought out the flag of old England,
Without either blemish or stain.

Twas on the Heights of Alma,
The Russians were lying intrenched,
Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud,
Commanded the English and French.
In spite of the fortified vollies,
The allies marched into the fight,
Fifty-eight thousand men in bright armour,
Put all the wild Russians to flight.

The Russians held their position,
And fought for the space of three hours,
Secluded behind their entrenchments,
The balls flew around us in showers.
At length at the point of the bayonet,
The Russians were forced to retreat,
And fled in the greatest disorder,
Compelled by a total defeat.

The numbers that lay dead and wounded
It's awful my friends to recite,
Let's mourn for the loss of our allies,
That fell in that desperate fight.
They fought them with great desperation,
And made the wild Russians to yield,
In battle where cannons did rattle,
They conquered and died on the field.

RECALL THEM NOT.

Recall them not, those happy days—
This heart them ne'er canst move;
Though not in pride or cold disdain,
Thy falsehood I reprove;
The trusting faith which thou hast wrong'd,
Time never can restore!
Then seek not passion to renew,
Farewell, we meet no more.

Thou could'st not light or wav'ring deem
Affection tried of years;
My pride has been with thee to share,
Life's sunshine and its tears.
But thou hast scorned my changeless love,—
'Tis well the dream is o'er;
Then seek not passion to renew,
Farewell' we meet no more.

Go, light of love, though sparkling gems,
Rest on thy bosom fair;
Thy grief shall be to think within,
What broken vows were there.
Mine is no weak or vain regret;
No—Time can ne'er restore
The peace of mind which thou has wreck'd;
Farewell, we meet no more.

HURRAH FOR THE WORKERS BOLD.

Sung by Mrs. F. Barber.

Hurrah for the man and his neighbour,
And the trade that suits him best,
Hurrah for the six days of labour,
And the one for the poor man's rest.
Hurrah for a brave and true open heart,
Likewise the free noble aim;
Hurrah for your home who from it would part
If he has but a good honest name.

CHORUS.

Then here's to the man and his master,
That toil from morning to night,
And each man will work the faster,
If at home there is peace and delight.

Hurrah for the strength of a good right arm,
And hurrah for the true steady will,
Hurrah for the man who no woman would harm,
For in poverty she will love him still.
Hurrah for the man who is clothed and fed,
By the sweat of his own honest brow;
And who toils to earn his daily bread,
For I am sure that is best you allow.

But this is what a lord or a prince cannot boast,
That he works hard for the food that he takes
Is right that a man with a bold honest heart
Should be scorned by the rich for his fate.
I hope all cares from the poor will depart,
But I cannot say that for the great;
For every man once in his life makes a start,
To arrive at the celestial state.

Then give me a man that earns his bread,
With a willing heart and a good strong hand
And if such a life that man has led,
For He above is the lord of the land.

OTHELLO

A Comic song, sung by Mrs. Barber, with great applause.

Air.—The Single Young Man Lodger.

Now the song I'm going to sing,
Is of a runaway fellow,
His dodge he loved a king,
His name it was Othello.
He handled lance and spear,
Against all fierce invaders,
And though a Darkey was,
Came not the serenaders.

CHORUS.

Bill Shakspeare's lines I sing,
Wrote in the good old time, sirs,
When he pleased both Queen and King,
With his immortal rhymes, sirs,

Now a lady fair and bright,
She lov'd him though he dark was,
And still this pretty bird,
Did not know what a lark was.
He told her many a tale,
As she filled out his tea, sirs,
And when she made it sweet,
He was sweet on her all day, sirs.
Bill Shakspeare, &e.

So she took it in her head,
At least, so the tale goes, sirs,
When her dadda went to bed
She quickly up arose, sirs.
And to get married straight,
She went, though some will doubt it,
She said she loved the Moor,
And said no more about it.
Bill Shakspeare, &c.

When her daddy heard the news,
He sent him off to quod, sirs,
But he did not care a straw,
For he chaff'd that learned squad, sirs.
Desdemona he brought home,
And lived with her in clover,
But Iago never stopped,
Till he knocked their kissing over.
Bill Shakspeare, &c.

He knew one Cassio,
Who did not care for cash, sirs,
One night a spreeing go,
Which caused a dreadful smash, sirs,
Othello saw he was,
As drunk as a Bill-sticker.
He still did not lick him,
But parted him in liquor. (lick her.)
Bill Shakspeare, &c.

O'er poor Des he most did scrag,
And swore he'd surely smother,
If she did not get the rag
The Egyptian gave his mother.
He got done up with grog,
He laid down his white choker,
And leap'd nimbly as a frog,
When she was a croker.
Bill Shakspeare, &c.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

A Comic Song: sung by Mrs. F. Barber, with great applause.

Air.—Lucy Long.

You have heard of Emma Stanley
That once the Bloomer tried,
And the model man and woman,
Now of Albert Smith the pride;
Of Eugenie's pretty baby,
And our new crinoline,
And 'ere we blow our husbands up,
We must all blown out been.

CHORUS.

But what I wish to tell you
Is a style we won't disgrace,
That is to have right woman
Put into the right place.

No unprotected females
Should heed the young men's sneers,
As they went out a walking
To the park to meet their dears (deers),
They'd have no need of costly dress,
Or give themselves such grace
To get men, if right women
Were put in the right place,

The house of Lords should be a Ladies,
Ladies should rule their lords;
We'll have a female parliament,
And keep our own records.
We won't wait for the question
To be pop'd at ball or race,
By young gents, if right women,
Be put in the right place.

In the Mail trains every female,
Should unmolested be;
Husbands should nurse the babes,
When we go out to tea.
And not ask the price of bonnets,
Or of ribbons, silk, or lace,
These are the rights of women,
When she's in the right place.

So don't forget the meeting,
To be held by ladies fair;
Mrs. Brown will act vice-president,
And I will take the chair.

THE GOOD RHEIN WINE.

Pour out the Rhein wine let it flow,
Like a free and bounding river:
Till sadness sinks and ev'ry woe,
Lies drown'd beneath its waves for ever.
For nought can cheer the hearts that pine, [wine
Like a deep deep draught of the good Rhein

Pour out the Rhein wine ever more,
Let the goblet ne'er be tiring:
For the Poet's song and Sage's lore,
And the Patriot's lofty soul inspiring;
For an off'ring meet at Freedom's shrine,
Is a deep deep draught of the good Rhein wine.

Pour out the Rhein wine when each hand
Doth grasp a brimming measure;
The pledge shall be our "Fatherland,"
And Freedom, Friendship, Love, and Pleasure,
Then Hurrah for the land of the purple vine,
And a deep deep draught of the good Rhein wine.

UP WITH THE STANDARD OF ENGLAND.

Hark, where the lion is roaring,
List! list! 'tis the growl of the bear;
Above the proud eagle is soaring,
The Crescent waves high in the air;
The steed with impatience is neighing,
The flag of rude war is unfurled,
The trumpet its wild note is braying,
And threatens the peace of the world.

Then up with the standard of England,
Our watchword alone be "Advance!"
Up, up with the standard of England,
And raise the brave banner of France.

'Tis fearful that life should be wasted,
'Tis dreadful that blood should be shed,
That the horrors of war should be tasted,
That ravens and wolves should be fed.
All that honour permits has been borne,
Every mild art of peace has been tried,
Meditation been met with foul scorn,
And now, "war to the knife" must decide.

Then onward by sea and by land,
Since there's no other course to pursue,
Let old England and France hand in hand,
Show the world what combined they can do.
Let our scabbardless swords meet the light,
"Down, down with the tyrant" the cry,
'Tis for honour and justice we fight—
So forward to conquer or die!

THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! do you remember the old Soldier's daughter?
Fair as the morning in spring time was she,
And many a lover all vainly had sought her,
To all she was distant as maiden may be.
"Dear father," she cried, "with thee let me tarry,
Though lowly our cottage, a home 'tis to me,
A vow I have made that I never will marry,
Oh! let me live happy, dear father, with thee."

But vain was the vow of the old Soldier's daughter,
Young Patrick he wooed her, though humble was he,
He knelt at her feet, to his bosom he caught her,
And whisper'd, "Oh say when our bridal shall be.
"Dear father," she cried, "'twere a pity to tarry,
A cow and a cottage has Patrick for me,
So dearly he loves me, I'm tempted to marry,
And both will be happy, dear father, with thee."

And calm was the home of the old Soldier's daughter,
Her Patrick beside her, her babe on her knee,
The aged they bless'd, and the youthful they sought her,
For none were so cheerful, so happy as she.
And fain was the Soldier beside her to tarry,
Till death gently call'd him, then calmly slept he,
She still bless'd the day she was tempted to marry,
Saying, "Patrick, thou'rt now all the world, love to me."

THE QUEEN AND THE NAVY FOR EVER.

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the lily, sweet the blushing rose,
But that seems fairer, this more brightly glow
Blend with the laurel whose immortal green,
Is fitting type for our own island Queen.
Sweet as the blushing rose—as lily fair
She twines the laurel round her auburn hair
And aims at conquests—fearing not to lose
A nation's love—she smilingly subdues;
With natural graces, all her charms and arts,
Lov'd soon as seen, she reigns "The Queen of hearts."

AIR.

The boast of Old England, the pride of our Queen,
The shield of our freedom and glory,
Her gallant defender—the Navy I mean—
Whose deeds are recorded in story.
Her race on the ocean has won ev'ry prize,
No foe could her strength e'er dissever;
Then fill up a bumper—Britannia arise—
Here's the Queen and the Navy for ever!

When war spread destruction and terror on earth
And filled ev'ry heart with commotion,
Free from carnage and spoil was the land of our birth,
Through the brave British tars on the ocean,
Long life to their glory! may time from their brows
The evergreen laurel ne'er sever;
But this be the toast when Briton's carouse,
The Queen and the Navy for ever!

KATTY AVOURNEEN.

'Twas a cold winter's night, and the tempest was snarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and sty;
When Barney, flew over the hills to his darling,
And rapp'd at the window where Katty did lie.
"Arrah, jewel," says he "are you sleepin' or wakin'?
It's a cold bitter night, and my coat it is thin,
The storm is a brewin', the frost is a bakin',
O, Katty avourneen, you must let me in."

"Ah, then Barney," says Kate, and she spoke through the window,
"How could you be takin' us out of our bed?
To come at this time it's a shame and a sin, too,
It's whiskey, not love has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender;
Consider the time and there's nobody in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her?
No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

"A-cush-la," says he, "it's my eye is a fountain
That weeps for the wrong I might lay at your door;
Your name is more white than the snow on the mountain,
And Barney would die to preserve it as pure.
I'll go to my home though the winter winds face me,
I'll whistle them off, for I'm happy within,
And the words of my Katty shall comfort and bless me,
"No, Barney Avourneen, I won't let you in."

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing
It's love song to the morn,
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may loose its sweetness;
And thine eyes its brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thine hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone!
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forenent me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "my love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tye my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands,"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke;
Ere the king's crown go down there are crown to be broke,
Then each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup—come, fill up my can—
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost (douce man) said just e'en let it be,
For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Perth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North;
There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'd crouch with the fox—
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnets and

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
But, for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

THE DARLIN' OULD STICK.

My name is bould Morgan M'Carthy, from Tim,
My relations all dead; except one brother Jim,
He's gone a sojering out to Cow bull (Cabool),
I dare say he's laid low with a nick in the skull.
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue it could tell you some tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neill's,
It made bits of skulls fly about in the air,
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair,
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses,
It has often broke bridges of noses,
Of the faction that dare to oppose us—
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it, 'twas on Patrick's day,
Larry Fegan and I got into a shilley,
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate M'Evoy.
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And by jabers he brought in a dozen,
A doldhrum they would have knocked us in,
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

"War," was the word, when the faction came in,
And to pummice us well, they peeled off in their skin;
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up, I sent down on his back.
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancey,
For he once humbugged sister Nancy—
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself and the bit of a stick.

I smothered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a crack—
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits, by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner,
And the whiskey beginning to warm her,
She told me her sweetheart was an informer,
Oh, 'twas then I said prayers for my stick

We got whiskificated to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against me
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the tarnal we fell clean in the mud, on the road
We were roused by the magistrate's order,
Before we could get a toe farther—
Surrounded by peelers for murther,
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on, Katty swore to the fact,
That before I set too, I was decently whacked,
And the judge had a little more feeling than sense,
He said what I done was in my own defence.
But one chap swore against me, named Carey,
Though that night he was in Tipperary—
He'd swear a coal porter was a canary,
To transport myself and my stick.

When I was acquitted, I leaped from the dock,
And the gay fellows around me did flock,
I'd a pain in my shoulder, I shook hands so often,
For the boys all imagined I'd see my own coffin.
I went and bought a gold ring, sirs,
And Kate to the priest I did bring, sirs,
So next night you come, I will sing, sirs,
The adventures of me and my stick.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

Cheer up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep?
Let hope and faith illume the glance,
That sees the bark set sail.
Look, look at her now and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
'Tis an English ship and an English crew,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

Oh, wonder not that next to thee,
I love the galloping wave,
'Tis the first of coursers wild and free,
And only carries the brave;
It has born me nigh to the dark lee shore,
But we struggled heart and hand,
And a fight with the sea in its angry roar,
Shames all your strife on land,
The storm was long, but it found me true,
So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

And if the breakers kill our ship,
And your boy goes down in the foam,
Be sure the last breath on his lip,
Is a prayer for those at home.
But come, cheer up, methinks I heard,
A voice in the anchor chain
That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you, mother; adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing
It's love song to the morn,
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may loose its sweetness;
And thine eyes its brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thine hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone!
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
That has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle!

THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-back'd car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,
No flow'r was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-back'd car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for his toll,
But just rubbed his old poll,
And look'd after the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters,
By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love.
While she sits in her low-back'd car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is picking—
As she sits in the low-back'd car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forenent me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist.
While we drove in the low-back'd car,
To be married by Father Maher,
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh
Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man, whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Haigh,
And tho' she brought him gold and lands,
She proved a terrible plague.
For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim,
He said that he was tired of life,
And she was tired of him.
And she was tired of him.
Says he, "then I will drown myself—
The river runs below."
Says she, "pray do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago."
Says he, "upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill
And push me in with all your might."
Says she, "my love I will."

"For fear that I should courage lack
And try to save my life,
Pray tye my hands behind my back."
"I will," replied his wife.
She tied them fast as you may think,
And when securely done,
"Now stand," she says, "upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run,
And I'll prepare to run."
All down the hill his loving bride,
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he stepped aside—
And she fell in of course.
Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,
"Oh, save me, Johnny Sands,"
"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands."

BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke;
Ere the king's crown go down there are crown to be broke,
Then each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup—come, fill up my can—
Come, saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street;
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat;
But the provost, (douce mon) said just e'en let it be,
For the town is well rid o' that de'il o' Dundee.

There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Perth,
If there's Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North;
There are brave dinnie vassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry "heigh," for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I'd crouch with the fox—
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bannets and

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early fails the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie,
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
But, for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

Like dew on the Gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

THE DARLIN' OULD STICK.

My name is bould Morgan M'Carthy, from Tim,
My relations all dead; except one brother Jim,
He's gone a sojering out to Cow bull (Cabool),
I dare say he's laid low with a nick in the skull.
But let him be dead or be living,
A prayer for his corpse I'll be giving,
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' ould stick.

If that stick had a tongue it could tell you some tales,
How it battered the countenances of the O'Neill's,
It made bits of skulls fly about in the air,
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair,
For I swear by the toe-nail of Moses,
It has often broke bridges of noses,
Of the faction that dare to oppose us—
It's the darlin' kippeen of a stick.

The last time I used it, 'twas on Patrick's day,
Larry Fegan and I got into a shilley,
We went on a spree to the fair of Athboy,
Where I danced, and when done, I kissed Kate M'Evoy.
Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And by jabers he brought in a dozen,
A doldhrum they would have knocked us in,
If I hadn't the taste of a stick.

"War," was the word, when the faction came in,
And to pummice us well, they peeled off in their skin;
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack,
And the first that came up, I sent down on his back.
Then I shoved out the eye of Pat Clancey,
For he once humbugged sister Nancy—
In the meantime poor Kate took a fancy
To myself and the bit of a stick.

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She then tipped me the wink—we were off in a crack—
We went to a house t'other end of the town,
And we cheered up our spirits, by letting some down.
When I got her snug into a corner,
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THE BOY IN BLUE.

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Oh! why do you sit and weep?
Do you think that He who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep?
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That sees the bark set sail.
Look, look at her now and see her dance,
Oh, why do you turn so pale?
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So mother be proud of your boy in blue.

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That whispered like a fairy bird,
"The bark will come back again."
God bless you, mother; adieu! adieu!
But never weep for your boy in blue.

THE WORLD IS GROWING OLDER

Would you know the road to wealth, never borrow,
Spend enough to keep in health, then think of to-
morrow;
Give, if you have gold in store, to your poorer
neighbour, [labour.
Rest not till your prime is o'er, try to live by
There's no royal road to wealth, as when hearts
were colder, [is growing older.
Few are they who thrive by stealth, the world

Would you win an honest fame, 'tis not won by
swerving,
Truth no longer's but a name, you must be de-
serving;
Faction is the coward's end all must pull together
Tyranny's weak chains to rend, like reeds in sum-
mer weather.
'Tis not now, as when the few—the many were
the bolder, [ing older.
Men are to each other true, the world is grow-

Strive to learn a little more, though much may be
your learning, [discerning;
All that adds to wisdom's store repays us for
Knowledge is the only power that makes a good
man better— [can fetter;
Wisdom is man's highest dower, who the mind
Nature has her lessons too, to your hearts enfold
her— [grows older.
Every day brings something new, tho' the world

DUBLIN BAY

As sung by Mr. F. Barber.

We sailed away in a gallant bark
Royal Neal and his fair young bride,
And ventured all in that bounding ark;
To dance on the silvery tide.
His heart was light his spirits gay,
As he dashed the tear away;
As he watched the shore recede from sight,
As they left sweet Dublin Bay.

They sailed three days when a storm arose,
The lightning flash'd the deep,
The thunder broke the short repose,
Of the weary sea-boy's sleep.
Young Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride,
And kiss'd the tear away.
Oh love, she cried, 'twas a fatal hour,
When we left sweet Dublin Bay.

On the crowded deck of the doom'd ship,
Some stood in mute dispair,
And some more calm, with a holy lip,
Sought the god of storms in despair.
She's struck on a rock! the sailors cry,
In a breath of wild dismay,
And the ship went down, with the fair
Young bride that sail'd from Dublin Bay.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

As Sung by Mr. F. Barber.

Live and let live—'tis the great law of nature,
Man to his fellow should ever be kind;
He, whose high bounty, protects every creature,
Taught us to practise this precept divine.
Wide is the world, and tho' various in station,
Each to his neighbour good wishes may give;
All men belong to humanity's nation,
Nature's great law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live—'tis the aim of our being,
The rich and the poor on each other depend;
All men are equal before the All-seeing,
Each in his turn, stands in need of a friend.
Be, to a foe in distress, like a brother,
Oh! it is sweet to forget and forgive;
Harbour no malice, be kind to each other;
Nature's best law is, to live and let live.

Live and let live—it's a law we should follow,
Tho' men in great numbers forsake this law,
Then why quarrel and rob one another,
For this we repent nature is o'er.
Why not live happy and joyful together,
Wether we're rich or wether we're poor,
We're all of one clay and life's but a feather.
Then nature's great law is to live and let live.

YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH

As sung by Mr. F. Barber.

You would not leave your Norah?
To pine alone behind,
The wide wide world before her,
And no one to be kind.
The times are hard and trying,
But Dennis perhaps they mend;
You would not leave your Norah?
You yet may want a friend.
You would not, &c.

Yes, Norah dear, I am going,
And yet it breaks my heart;
To see your tears are flowing
With tears because we part.
'Tis sad to leave old Erin,
A stranger's home to share,
But sadder still I'm fearing,
With none to love me there.
You would not, &c.

Then Dennis, take me with you,
You know not half I do,
There's no one to forbid you,
I've saved a pound or two.
I soothe you every sorrow,
If first the priest you tell;
Yes, Norah dear, tomorrow,
Then Erin, fare thee well.

I could not leave my Norah,
To pine away behind;
The wide wide world before her,
And none to be kind.

THE KING AND THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee,
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I envy nobody! No, not I!
And nobody envys me.

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
"Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be as light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me how that makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee."

The miller smiled, and doff'd his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he—
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay:
I thank the river Dee—
That turns the mill—that grinds the corn—
To feed my babes and me."

"Good Friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thoud'st be true,
That no one envys thee.
That mealy cap is worth my crown—
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as these are England's boast,
Oh! miller of the Dee!"

TAPPING AT THE WINDOW

Published by T. Letchford, Soho Square

Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind,
'Tis really most surprising
He never learns to mind.
'Twas only yester' evening
As in the dark we sat,
My mother ask'd me sharply—
Pray Mary, who is that?
Who's that indeed, you're certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom,
When'er they lose their heart.

Yes, there he is I see him,
The lamp his shadow throws,
Across the curtain'd window,
He's stepping on his toes.
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din,
A knock, though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in.
Tap, tap! would any think it,
He never learns to mind,
Tis surely quite surprising,
He thinks my mother's blind.

Tis plain I must go to him,
It's no use now to cough,
I'll ope' the door just softly,
If but to send him off.
'Tis well if from the door step
He be not shortly hurl'd,
Oh man, there ne'er was trouble,
Till you came in the world.
Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind,
Oh man, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find.

WAIT TILL I PUT ON MY BONNET

Music at T. Letchford, Soho Square.

My father loves counting his cattle,
My mother she's fond of her chair.
But I, oh I dote upon moon light,
Sweet walks and the soft quiet air.
The field with the dew star upon it,
The scent of the newly mown hay,
Oh wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day.

There are bonnets with ribbons and feather,
But mine's like a gipsy so brown,
A bonnet that's careless of weather,
But happy's the head 'neath its crown.

The day was intended for labour,
But night was a gift to the heart,
When neighbour might visit with neighbour,
And love have his whisper apart.
The life finds a bloom still upon it
And time walks in silver array,
Oh wait till I put on my bonnet,
Night's sweeter by far than the day.
There are bonnets, &c.

WINNING EYES

Music at Ramfords and Co., New Bond Street

Thou hast winning eyes, Mary.
Glad and passing bright;
Ever by their gentle fire
Setting hearts alight.
Beaming, gleaming, fairly streaming
Forth with lightsome glee!
They must shine on somebody;
Oh! let them shine on me.

Thou hast pouting lips, Mary,
Red as ruby gem,
Tempting as the Autumn cherry
Drooping on its stem.
Glowing, showing dimples knowing,
Dangerous to see!
They must smile on somebody,
Oh! let them shine on me.

But thou hast a heart, Mary,
Well its worth I know;
How it bounds at others pleasure—
Melts at others woe.
Fairest, rarest charm thou bearest,
Rich though others be,
It must beat for somebody,
Oh! let it beat for me.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Oh, Britannia! the Pride of the Ocean.
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
At thy mandate, heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When born by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
With her garland of Victory round her.
So bravely she bore up her crew,
And her flag floated proudly before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it up true to the brim,
May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But still to her colours prove true,
The Army and Navy for ever!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

Upon the tented field, a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is keeping.
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all are sleeping
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken."

The night is past, the conflict comes with dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe defying;
While death and carnage onward still are borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round him dying;
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken.

Stern Death, now sated, quits the gory plain;
The life-blood from the warrior bard is streaming,
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour beaming
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token;
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been broken.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YORE.

My heart is gladly beating, as I tread the scene once more,
Where boyhood gaily revell'd, in the happy days of yore:
And I greet the zephyr's melody, that round me sweely plays,
For its tune is still as joyous, as it was in childhood's days.
The fragrant breath of summer, would fan the boyish brow,
That once so fair, by cruel care, is sadly alter'd now,
For the glossy raven tresses in which that brow was drest,
Have faded 'neath the hand of time into a snowy crest.

The green and waving meadow, the bed of fragrant thyme,
The flowers fair all seem to wear the dress of olden time;
The wavelets on the river, still seek their sunny track,
And vanish like the golden hopes, that never can come back.

MINNIE MOORE.

In last night's dream I saw again
Sweet faces I adore,
'Mid others, was an old schoolmate—
Dear, gentle Minnie Moore.
And glided o'er my dreaming mind
Not only those I know,
But mem'ries of so many scenes,
All linked with Minnie too:
A thousand thoughts of childhood's days,
Of innocence and glee
For I was all the world to her,
And she the world to me.

How oft, when on our way to school,
We'd stray beside the brooks,
And gath'ring wild flowers by their side,
We'd quite forget our books,
And trifle half the day away,
In some old mossy dell;
And, going home at night, I'd coax
Dear Minnie not te tell.
Such mem'ries are by far more dear
Than wealth of classic lore,
Unfolding thoughts of sunny hours,
Of youth and Minnie Moore.

OH! HAD I BUT ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Oh! had I but Aladdin's lamp,
If only for a day,
I'd try and find a link to bind
The joys that pass away.
I'd try to bring an angel's wing
Upon this earth again,
And build true worth a home on earth
A home beloved by men.
It should be May, and always May;
I'd wreath the world with flowers,
I'd robe the barren wilderness,
And bring life happy hours.

I'd soothe the lorn and desolate;
Increase the widows store,
And industry should wear a smile
It never wore before.
Where'er there dwelt unhappiness,
I'd use my magic sway,
And none should be in poverty;
Or dread the coming day.
It should be May, &c.

'TWAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING

'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did peal,
A letter came thro' my window with Cupid on its seal,
And soon I heard a whisper, as soft as music sing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning before the bells did ring.

The morn had been but cloudy, my heart had felt its gloom,
But soon a sudden sunlight filled all my little room,
I kissed the letter, guarded with ribbons, flowers, and string,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

Good was he, and handsomer than any in the land'
He vowed to me his true heart, his faithful heart and hand,
I hurried thro' the garden, and back the gate did swing,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

My foot the field had turned, and on its path did rest,
When in his arms he caught me, and pressed me to his breast,
A smile was on his fond lip, sweet smiles that love can bring,
'Twas on a Sunday morning, before the bells did ring

MINNIE.

When the sun is high in the bright blue sky,
And the soft winds sigh through the grove,
'Mid the fragrance of flow'rs and the green spreading bowers,
A sweet voice oft invites me to rove.
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea,
For the sun's beaming high in the cloudless sky,
And a true heart is waiting for thee,
A true heart is waiting for thee."

In the silent night, when the moon shines bright,
And the pale stars faintly peep,
At my window I hear the same voice sweet and clear,
Calling softly while mother's asleep,
"Oh, Minnie! dear Minnie! come o'er the lea:"
Then without a reply, like a bird, soon I fly,
To the heart that is waiting for me,
The heart that is waiting for me.

BEN BOLT.

Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair hazel brown,
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown,
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,
Near the green sunny slope of the hill;
Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade,
And kept time to the click of the mill.

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a quiet now reigns all around,
See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,
Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.
See the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
We gather'd the flow'rs as they grew.
O'er the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the running little brook is now dry,
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains, Ben, but you and I.
And of all the friends, &c.

THE COTTAGE AND MILL.

Have you seen the new cottage, just built by the squire?
And is it not all a fond heart can desire?
With its pretty white gate, which half open doth stand,
And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
It its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay
To gather the freshness, and bear them away.
Yes! often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water mill.

Yes! there it was, once, stood the old water mill,
And through the green meadows there rippled the rill,
And welcome were we in the good miller's time.
When the mill and its master were both in their prime.
And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the song.
But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
And Time, I confess, has some sad changes made.
But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and sound,
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack,
A I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water-mill.

CHARLIE.

Oh! my heart is gay as a summer day,
When Charlie's by my side;
In the coming spring the bells will ring,
For I shall be his bride!
Ah! yes, his bride soon I shall be;
He, who is all, all the world to me!
Oh! were Charlie king, or the bravest knight
That ever banner bore,
I should not feel more proud than now,
Nor love him, love him more;
Were Charlie king or the bravest knight,
I could not love him more.

Oh! his step is light, and his eye is bright,
As mornings radiant beam!
Of him I think the live-long day,
Of him at night I dream!
Ah! yes his bride soon I shall be;
He who is all, all the world to me.
Oh, were Charlie king, &c.

LONG PARTED HAVE WE BEEN.

Music published in the 'Musical Bouquet.'

Long parted have we been,
Many troubles have we seen,
Since the weary day we left them on our good old English shore,
And we took a last farewell to return to them no more.
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And shake their hands with gladness,
And bid them joyous welcome,
To this new land of ours.

How often have we prayed,
They were here in joy array'd,
The friends, the dear relations, and the lovers fond and true,
To share our better [illegible], so all the joys we knew.
And they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They are coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
And we'll give them cordial greeting,
And have a merry meeting,
And a day of true rejoicing,
In this new land of ours.

In all our happiness,
There seemed a joy the less
When we looked around and missed them by the fireside's cheerful glow,
The old familiar comrades that we loved so long ago.
But they're coming, coming, coming,
They are coming with the flowers,
They're coming with the summer,
To this new land of ours.
It needs but their embraces,
And all their smiling faces,
To make us quite contented,
In this new land of ours.

OH! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

Oh! let me like a soldier fall
Upon some opening plain;
This breast expanding for the ball,
To blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me;
To die the last and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell—
Enough, they murmur at my grave
He like a soldier fell.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for de old plantation,
And de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary
Eb'rywhere I roam—
Oh, darkies, how my heart grow weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squander'd
Many songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my broder
Happy was I—
Oh, take me to my kind old modder,
Dere let me lib and die

One little hut among de bushes,
And one dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

TO THE WEST, TO THE WEST

Music published in the 'Musical Bouquet.'

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast,
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go,
Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,
As wide as old England, and free to us all.
There the prairies, like seas where the billows have roll'd
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it—we'll do it—and never despair;
While there's light in the sunshine, or breath in the air;
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh.
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West.

MY OLD DONKEY

Parody on "Old Dog Tray."

His days of work are past,
Now look at my poor moke,
He looks as if he had seen better days;
So many times been seen
Racing round the village green,
So sprightly was my old donkey.
My old moke was ever faithful,
Queer grub could not drive him away,
Poor thing he's nearly blind,
With his tail stuck out behind.
Fit for dog's meat is my old donkey.

At many a race or fair
He has made the people stare,
With ladies he has galloped away;
But his kicking days are gone,
And his braying can't be borne,
Skin and bone is my old donkey.
Poor thing he is always so faithful,
Hard work cannot drive him away,
But still he knows I'm kind,
His rump bone sticks out behind,
Hard riding is my old donkey.

At pulling coke or coal,
He is good upon my soul,
He never thinks of good times past away
At the cart he gives a tug,
His leg goes down a plug,
On the raw I flanks my old donkey.
My old donkey is ever grateful,
He don't care how mouldy is the hay,
In spite of kicks and cuffs,
When he's dead I'll have him stuffed,
No one shall have my old donkey.

GIRL OF MY HEART

Answer to "The Sweet Little Creature."

I never regret the day that I married,
So happy am I with the girl of my heart,
I never had cause to wish that I'd tarried, [part.
And from her and her parents I ne'er wish to
We dwell in our cot, and happiness surround us,
For the treasure of gold mines we never will
part. [cover us,
With the blessings of peace, with laurels they
My sweet little creature, the girl of my heart.

My father's infirm and my mother perhaps sickly,
But still they've a daughter their footsteps to
guide,
It does give me joy to attend on them quickly,
To have a young grandson it would be their
pride.
Industry succeeds us, as such goes to labour,
May such joys last for ever, and never depart,
She is so gentle, good and mild her behaviour,
For my dear little creature's the pride of my
heart.

Cold winter is gone, and spring fast approaching
All nature seems joyful and sheds forth her
bloom,
The birds they chirp forth as summer approaches
And the fair yellow primrose puts forth her
perfume. [nature,
But of all their great gifts that are green by
From my wife and my parents I never will part'
But our own friends who are happy and con-
tented, [heart.
With the sweet little creature, the girl of my

How often I think of the night when I met her,
And I went to her parents to ask for her hand;
I gain'd their consent and ne'er wish'd for a
better
She is the best wife in England's fair land.
So now we are happy and contented together,
Her father and mother ne'er from us shall part
Through the storms of this life we'll hold out
together
The sweet little creature, the girl of my heart.

THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART

Music by Chas. Jefferys, 21, Soho square

All is hush'd, save night-winds stealing
O'er the lime-trees and the river;
Sounds that call'd up gentlest feeling,
Now have lost their charm for ever:

These lov'd haunts then fraught with gladness
Can to me no joy impart;
Mem'ry brings alas! but madness
In this Tempest of the heart.

Oh! could I behold those glances
Brighter than the stars above thee;
Hear that voice whose sound entrances,
Breathing forth the words "I love thee;"

Thro' my bosom now so lonely
Lightning rays of hope would dart:
Thou canst with thy sunshine only
Calm the tempest of my heart.

These lov'd haunts then fraught wiih gladness,
Now to me no joy impart;
Mem'ry brings, alas! but madness
In this tempest of the heart.

These lov'd haunts then fraught with gladness,
Can to me no joy impart;
Mem'ry brings alas! but madness
In this tempest of my heart.

WAIT FOR THE WAGON

Musical Treasury, No. 905.

Will you come with me, my Philis dear, to yon
blue mountain free?
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest, come,
rove along with me. [side,
It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your
We'll jump into the Waggon, and all take a ride.

Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

Where the river runs like silver, and the birds
they sing so sweet,
I have a cabin, Philis, and something good to eat,
Come, listen to my story, it will relieve my heart;
So jump into the Wagon, and off we will start,

Do you believe, my Phillis, dear, old Mike, with
all his wealth, [and health?
Can make you half so happy as I, with youth
We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig, a cow;
And you will mind the dairy, while I do guide
the plough.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick
and neat, [sweet.
All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so
It's ev'ry Sunday morning when I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

Together, on life's journey, we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble we'll reach the happy
top; [lovely bride,
Then come with me, sweet Phillis, my dear, my
We'll jump into the wagon, and all take a ride.

THE SLAVE SHIP!

The first grey dawn of the morning was beaming, [of light—
The bright rays shone forth, the glad spirit
The rising sun over the ocean was streaming,
And dispell'd with his rays the dark shadows of night.

The air—oh, how pure!—and the morning was mild, [child.
And the waters lay hush'd like a sleeping
'What cheer?' cried the mate, as he paced to and fro, [below?'
'What cheer? art thou watching, is all right
'All's right!' cried a voice, 'the hatches are tight,
As the chains that are binding the slaves this night.'

'Up, up with the flag! then let us away,
Spread the sails, 'tis a favouring wind,
And long ere the break of the morning we'll leave
The coast of old Africa behind. [deep,
The moonlight will follow our track o'er the
As we start through the sparkling wave,
For our cargo of beings are all hushed in sleep,
As though they were hush'd in the grave.
Then up with the anchor, and let us away,
We dare not, we must not, now longer delay!

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knitted,
And iron lip compressed.
'Are all well whipped below, there?'
'Aye, aye!' the seaman said,
'Heave up the worthless lubbers,
The dying and the dead!'

'Help! oh, help! thou God of Christians!
Save a mother from despair!
Cruel white man stole my children,
Oh! God of Christians! hear my prayer!
I'm young, and strong, and hardy,
He's a sick and feeble boy;
Take me! whip me! chain me! starve me!
Oh, God! in mercy, save my boy!
Oh, God, &c.

'They've kill'd my child! They've kill'd my child!'
The mother shriek'd—now all is o'er—
Down the savage captain struck her,
Lifeless, on the vessel's floor.
Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffians treat of cord and steel—
The dungeon's gloom, the assassin's blow?
Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought?
Shall freemen lock the midnight thought?
Shall Mercy's bosom cease to sigh
For woman's shrieks and slavery?
Shall honour bleed—shall truth succumb—
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

NELLY BLY.

Music published in the Musical Bouquet,

Nelly Bly! Nelly Bly! bring de broom along,
We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, an' hab a little song;
Poke de wood, my lady lub, an' make de fire burn,
An' while I take de banjo down, just gib de mush a turn.

Heigh Nelly, oh Nelly, listen lub to me,
I'll sing for you, play for you, a dulcem melody.

Nelly Bly hab a voice like de turtle dove,
I hears it in de meadow, an' I hears it in de grove.
Nelly Bly hab a heart, warm as cup ob tea,
An' bigger dan de sweet potatoe, down in Tennesee.

Nelly Bly shuts her eye, when she goes to sleep,
An' when she wakens up again her eye balls 'gin to peep;
De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an' den she brings it down,
An' when it lights, dere's music dar, in dat part ob de town.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear drop in de corner ob your eye.
For de pie is made ob pumkin, and de mush is made ob corn,
An' dere's corn an' pumkins plenty, lub, a laying in de barn.

OVER THE SEA.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a little bird whisper'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Somebody's coming ere long.
Then march, march, march,
Ye lads of the heather,
Come trooping together,
Come, march, march, march,
Gallant hearts, valiant and strong.
Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a bonnie bird whisper'd to me—
Over the sea, over the sea
Somebody's coming ere long.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Too long my laddie has wander'd fra me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Now he is coming once more.
Then we'll march, march, march,
To greet him once more,
On his own native shore.
Let us march, march, march,
And bear him in triumph along.
Oh, its over the sea, over the sea,
Hear what a bonnie bird whispered to me—
Over the sea, over the sea,
Charlie is coming once more.

DOWN IN A VALLEY.

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair is Flora's treasure;
These I placed on Phillis' bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure,
Smiling meadow's seem to say,
"Come ye wantons here to play."

JOHN BROWN, OR A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Music published in the Musical Bouquet, Price Sixpence.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troup of little children at my knee,
John Brown,

I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea
John Brown,

I can sit at my door,
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate,
John Brown,

So come and drain a glass,
In my arbour as you pass.
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate,
John Brown,

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet,
John Brown

And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit,
John Brown;

I love the meadow flow'rs,
And the briar in the bow'rs,
And I love an open face without guile,
John Brown;

And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud contented slave,
And a lout who'd rather borrow than he'd toil,
John Brown

I love a simple song,
That awakes emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints,
John Brown;

And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaints,
John Brown;

But even when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me and above,
John Brown.

The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love,
John Brown'

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I can tell you how I live so unvex'd,
John Brown,

I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next
John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,
And I take the sunny side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad,
John Brown.

I keep my conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad,
John Brown.

OLD DOG TRAY

Published in the Musical Bouquet.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last,
It brings a dream of a once happy day.
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away.
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I call'd my own,
Have vanished one by one,
The lov'd ones, the dear ones have all pass'd away,
Their happy smiles are flown,
Their gentle voices gone,
I've nothing left but old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray is ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle he is kind,
I'll never, never find,
A better friend than old dog Tray.

When thoughts recall the past,
His eyes are on me cast,
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say,
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old dog Tray.
Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He is gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

THE SWEET LITTLE CREATURE

Air—Savourneen Deelish.

Oh, well I remember that sweet little creature,
That lives in the cot at the foot of the hill,
Whose smiles and good humour adorn every feature,
And close by her cot runs a murmuring rill.
Her cot is adorned with sweet woodbines and roses,
Her mouth, when she speaks, such perfection discloses,
Her breath too surpasses the sweetness of poses—
I'd give all the world could I once call her mine

I met her last night, when my heart nigh forsook me,
She blushed like the rose, as I took her hand,
And sweetly exclaimed—Sir, I think you've mistook me,
Or if not, your meaning I don't understand.
Believe me, said I, love, I do not mistake thee,
You alone have my heart, and it ne'er shall forsake thee,
And all for the honour of calling thee mine.

She quickly replied, I've a father and mother,
Whose age now demand my tenderest care,
They look up to me—I've no sister or brother,
To help me provide them their day's humble fare.
But if you are sincere sir, in what you've repeated,
Oh, come to my parents, oh, you'll kindly be treated,
And with their consent, when my duty's completed,
The heart I possess I'll repay with my hand.

HE THEATRICAL ALPHABET

Tune.—Dicky Birds.

Its really very singular as if it had been plann'd
The letters of the Alphabet, for theatres they all stand;
The idea in a ditty I'll endeavour to convey,
Though rather in a queer and a jumbling sort of way. It's really, &c.

My voice is rather husky my meaning rather murky,
Now in all for to begin and off we go to Turkey.
A stanas for Adelphi, where Yates was all the go,
B it stands for Batty's the scene of late Ducrow.

C for Covent Garden where the drama now bereft
D for Drury Lane the only Bunn-house left;
E for the Fagle Tavern the scenes of bravo Rouse
F for the French Theatre where Parisians show nous.

G for the Garrick a little way to roam,
H for Haymarket where the drama ffnds a home,
I the Italian Opera where noises are to be found
J for the St. James's where Braham lost notes I dare be bound.

K for the Kensington well known in history's page
L for Lyceum where the Keeley's all the rage
M for Marylebone with some cleavers by its side,
N for Norton Folgate though a failure often tried.

O for the Olympic very great in Vestris' days,
P for the Princess's were they acts the best of plays
Q for the Queen's in Tottenham 'tis poz,
R for the Royalty I mean the von vot used to vas.

S for the Standard, Strand, and Surrey to in fame
T for the Tottenham, that has long since chang'd its name,
U for the union, in Shoreditch once its stooe,
V for the Victoria, all blue fire, blaze, and blood.

W for the Well's where Shakspere holds his throne
K for King's Cross by Clarence better known,
Y for York Theatre in Westminster it ceases
Z for the Zoological, but that one's for the beastes
It's really, &c.

EVER OF THEE.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming!
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;
Thou wort the star, that mildly beaming,
Shone on my path when all was dark and drear.
Still in my heart thy form I cherish;
Ev'ry kind word like a bird flies to thee;
Ah, never till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
Wandering afar, my soul's joy, to dwell—
Ah, then I felt I loved the only;
All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.
Years have not chill'd the love I cherish—
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee.
Ah, never, till life and memory perish,
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

THE NEW CRINOLINE.

Comic Medley.

1st air.—Minnie.

I have come here to-night
Where your smiles are light.
To say what my song's about;
The new dress now seen,
Which is call'd crinoline
Which has caused such a blout out.

Air.—Katty Darling.

For each lady now, she looks a duck'y darling,
And in a bus she takes the space of three,
Then, if you grumble she will answer snarling,
Don't you see sir, that you crush the dress of me

Air,—The Boatman Dance.

For we can dance, and we can sing,
And our new style is just the thing
You may praise the bloomers at route or ball,
But they come up to this fashion at all.
We dance, oh don't we dance
We dance, oh don't we dance,
We dance all night, amid smiles so bright,
And get an nice beau for the morning,
Heigh-ho it is all the go
We beat all the girls be they high or low.

Air.—Ole Virginny,—am de place boys.

And that dress perhaps has cost a guinea
From who husband that is quite a ninney,
And if he says a word to thwart her
All that night he may expect no quarter,
Then sing the new dress has gain'd the sway boys
Then sing the new dress has gain'd the sway boys
Then sing the new dress has gain'd the sway boys
For like a balloon one went up the other day boys

Air.—Yalla Busha-Bella.

Now get away good people and do not come annoy me,
For if you dont give the whole path you'll certainly destroy'me,
For I am the Dublin belle
For I am the Dublin belle,
And sure to get a beau at once. I cut so fine a swell

Air.—Finale— Cheer boys cheer.

Then cheer boys cheer and may the present fashion,
Be kept up, till ev'ry dress will measure six yards round,
May I see each rmiling face as here each night you dash no.
For to keep your spirits up where both mirth and joy abound,
Then cheer &c &c.